

Home Mission Echoes

"The Country for which I lifted up mine hand to give to your fathers"

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He is Risen

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HOME MISSION ECHOES

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and represents in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. It aims to make an interesting and instructive Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features and illustrations. Mrs. N. N. Bishop is the General Editor, and will have entire charge of the Woman's department. Rev. Howard B. Grose, D. D., has charge of the Home Mission Society's Department. All correspondence pertaining to the editorial department of the paper should be sent to Mrs. N. N. Bishop, 510 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

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Patron, Sunday School Superintendents and all friends of Home Missions are invited to promote the circulation of the paper.

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By Way of Suggestion

"PLEASE say to Mrs. McWhinnie that it was voted last Sunday to give each year Five Dollars to the work in Alaska. This is to come from the Sunday School. I wish it had been more, but I am glad to have it a regular offering." So are we!

This is for You

FREQUENTLY our sisters are far from explicit in giving directions to those who so gladly serve them as speakers. The following business-like letter is a delight to the hearts of the workers at the Rooms, and will bear close repetition.

"Dear Sister:—

Your engagement with the Woman's Mission Circle of _____, is Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 2.30 P.M. Take a car marked _____, at Scollay Square Subway Station (they run every fifteen minutes). It will take about forty minutes to run out. Leave the car at the home of our pastor, Mr. B. No. 101 H—St., cor. of B—St., and Mrs. B— will accompany you to the meeting."

Topics for 1908

JANUARY	JULY
Glimpses Backward and Forward	Exclusion or Inclusion?
FEBRUARY	AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER
Alaska News	"Come ye apart and rest awhile"
MARCH	OCTOBER
Mark 12:41, et seq.	Survey of the Field
APRIL	NOVEMBER
Awakenings	The Islands of the Sea
MAY	DECEMBER
Coming Americans	Our Indian Brother
JUNE	
What Hath God Wrought?	

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THE State Vice-Presidents and Assistant State Vice-Presidents of New England are requested to prepare their Annual Letter for the Annual Report, and send to headquarters by May first, or it can be handed to the Corresponding Secretary at the Annual Meeting.

The abbreviated report to be read at the Annual Meeting should not exceed three minutes.

BY the time this paper reaches its readers we shall be having the busiest days of the year at headquarters. We cannot foresee how the year is to close financially, but the outlook is toward a debt. Should we be able to meet all bills due on April 1st, and have no balance it would necessitate a cutting down of our work next year. If any who have not contributed to our work during the year, or if those who have, feel that they can make an extra offering, if mailed to this office by Monday morning March 30, it will undoubtedly reach here in time to be counted in this year's receipts.

GERTUDE L. DAVIS, Treasurer.

Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."—*Travison*.

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Editorial.

THERE are some of us, no doubt, who have never out-lived the charm of those days of our childhood when the very happiest hours were introduced by the magic "Once upon a time," but as life has opened and broadened, there have been moments when we have longed for a return of the old-time credulity that made the world so fair and dear a place. We have wished almost that we might again believe, and revel in, the wonder and mystery of the fairy-story days. Then has come the spring with its annual miracle of renewal and awakening, when literally, "old things have passed away, and all things have become new," and once more we have seemed to dwell in the realm of the mystic and wonderful.

There comes, too, with the spring the great memorial of the springtime, when all the world stands in awe and reverence at the empty, open, grave, empty—for the angel voice has made the glad announcement, "He is not here, He is risen!"

It may be that to some of us, it has come, this year, to stand by a grave where we have laid away all that seemed life's best and dearest and, therefore, the message of the springtime is to us, a call to rise from our grief and lamentation and join our voice to that of the angel, and declare to the world, "He is risen."

"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above," writes the Apostle, making, thus, our lives, the expression of our experience. If we have heard the call, or caught the vision, or felt the touch of Christ, we *must* respond in deeds, not words only.

The great recent advance in missionary interest and activity is an inspiration and incentive to Christians everywhere, and the opening season adds its influence to make the call to renewed service for our King, so strong and loud and clear that there is no escaping it. Opportunities on every side not only confront us, but demand our immediate attention and co-operation. God is marvellously opening the doors of every form of Christian service, and the call of the spring to us, is, to go up and possess the land in His name and set up His banners.

GOD directs our steps and it does not often lie within His wise plan to explain to us, all at once, and in detail how great an enterprise is to be accomplished. If we

can take the next step forward without stumbling let us be content.

THE Thirtieth Annual Meeting of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society will be held with the First Baptist Church, Worcester, Mass., Wednesday and Thursday, May 6-7, 1908, beginning at 2 P. M. Wednesday and closing Thursday afternoon. The Worker's Meeting will be held Wednesday morning, May 6, at 10 A. M.

Simple meals will be served in the church at twenty-five cents a plate. Lodging and breakfast for all delegates from a distance. All delegates desiring such entertainment should apply before April 20 to Miss Carrie A. Williams, 224 Pleasant St., Worcester, Mass.

As most of the delegates can reach home after the close of the meeting Thursday afternoon, entertainment will be provided for one night only, unless it is distinctly stated in the application that entertainment is desired for two nights.

HATTIE A. MANLEY, Clerk.

THAT business methods in Christian work are not only expedient, but necessary, is being exemplified more and more in the missionary activities of this twentieth century. The Boston Transcript is authority for the statement that the National Presbyterian Board of Home Missions will hereafter employ modern advertising methods for the exploitation of up-to-date missionary effort throughout the United States.

Plans have been made, to be in operation in more than fifteen cities simultaneously, at which meetings, prominent clergymen of that denomination, and specialists on problems that are confronting our National life, will present the work of Home Missions in concise and pertinent addresses. The discussions, which will deal with the social, the economic, and the religious problems, will be participated in by prominent laymen as well. Is not the day already dawning, when the "Sun of Righteousness is rising?"

A FAITHFUL company of women have met regularly, since the Union Day of Prayer in January, each Tuesday afternoon, to pray specifically for the treasures of the Women's Societies, and these women have worked, and given as they have prayed. Are we sufficiently dependent on the Lord, who alone can give the increase? Oh! for the uninvested wealth, ability and effort of the women of our churches, to be given to the work of the Lord in our own land!

Home Mission Echoes

Convention of the Young People's Forward Missionary Movement in Pittsburg, Pa., March 10-12, 1908

CHARACTERIZED from the very opening moment, when fully 2,600 delegates were in place in Music Hall, to sing as one voice and as one prayer, "Come Thou Almighty King," to the closing second when John R. Mott urged us "to hand ourselves over to Christ wholly, irrevocably and gladly, henceforth, to do His will and not our own," the entire Convention was one of marvelous depth of spiritual power and spirit of consecration. Spread before the congregation as a vision was an immense map of the world with the mottoes, "The field is the world, the good seed are the children of the Kingdom." "Go ye therefore into all the world and preach the Gospel to the whole creation," "And they went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them."

As the second hymn, "In the Cross of Christ I Glory," was sung, a cross, in the centre of the map, was illuminated by

not all young except in heart. It was an inspiration to look upon the sea of from 2,600 to 3,000 faces (the ladies removed their hats), every one bright, keen, intelligent and aglow with earnest purpose, turned toward the cross and the field of battle. The prophecy of Joel took on a new meaning, and the conquest of the world in this generation seemed not only a possibility but a divine reality.

It would be difficult to state what address or which session was most potent in its effect. The summary given by Dr. E. W. Hunt, of Denison University, at the Baptist rally on Thursday afternoon, perhaps gives the best idea of the impress of the Convention upon those who were privileged to attend.

"Missions after all belong to the very essence of Christianity. The missionary spirit is necessary to the understanding of our Bible. These things are so obvious that churches are taking the missionary enterprise seriously. We must exalt one supreme personality—Jesus Christ."

At this session of the Northern Baptists it was announced that as a result of the co-operation of the Boards of the



MURROW INDIAN ORPHANS HOME INTERMEDIATE GRADES.

the flashing into light of electric bulbs thereon, and thus we tarried for the three days in the light, and at the foot, of the Cross, which, as the center of power in the earth, shall stand increasingly as the symbol of the world's conquest by the Kingdom of Light. And, please God, we go from these hours of uplift and blessing to cope successfully with the great problems, and to share the even greater privilege of co-partnership in the world's salvation.

Surely no delegate can be as he was before, for we have had the vision of the Son of Man coming in His glory.

The delegates were in themselves interesting. They were

American Baptist Missionary Union, the American Baptist Home Mission Society, the American Baptist Publication Society and the several Boards of the four women's societies, a movement to be known as the Baptist Forward Movement for Missionary Education has been inaugurated, whereby our Baptist young people shall receive thorough missionary training in Home, Foreign, State and City missions. And it is hoped thereby we may fulfil the law of Christ more perfectly. Our Society is co-operating and officially represented on the Executive Board of the new movement.

M. H. B.

The Interdenominational Committee of Women for Home Mission Conferences Announcement

THE Second Woman's Home Mission Conference, under the auspices of the Interdenominational Committee of Women for Home Mission Conferences for the East, will be held in Northfield from July 16-20, 1908, inclusive, beginning with the evening of July 16, and closing with the evening session of Monday, July 20. We hope a large number of New England women will plan to attend this meeting. The program will appear in the next issue of ECHOES.

A Sabbath Day in Porto Rico.

ANOTHER Sabbath day is ended and how full of joy and encouragement for us it has been. The first service of the day was that of the Sabbath school at 9.30 A. M., and there is no service or part of the work in which everybody who belongs to or attends our church is more interested than this. How I wish the dear friends at home could have seen our Sabbath school, which to-day numbered over two hundred, the largest attendance we have had yet.

It is not more than a few months since our attendance scarcely reached one hundred and the present number is largely due to the hard work on the part of some of our very faithful members. They seem to have caught the spirit and enthusiasm of the Superintendent, Don Abelado Diaz, who is also the native pastor. Never does he fail to remind all on Friday evening at the close of the service that they have but one more day before Sunday to work for the school, and to exhort them to do all they can to bring in new members as well as to look up the absent ones of those who already attend. And they certainly do work as is shown by the results of their efforts each Sabbath. Do you wonder then that the interest in the work increases rather than diminishes when we have such a faithful band of native helpers?

The oldest as well as the younger members of the church are in the Sabbath school. There is a fine large class of young women of whom Mrs. Troyer is the teacher. In this class especially there has been lately a marked increase. Many of the girls are from our Mission school. In my class, which is the primary, there are no less than fifty little folks.

The three remaining classes are taught by natives. The young man who has the class of the older men and women is a public school teacher. Another who is the teacher of the boys' class, is still attending the public school. Miss Josefa Diaz, of our Mission school, teaches the little girls' class.

In the afternoon at 3 o'clock we usually have an open-air meeting. To-day it was held in the patio or open court yard of the hospital. There, beneath the bluest of skies and surrounded by various tropical fruit and flowering trees, among them a huge mango tree, lemon and pomegranate trees, we assembled for our afternoon service.

A Porto Rican brother had brought the little folding organ and the chairs and the benches, which were arranged around it, were very quickly filled. The patients who were able to get out of their wards came out and sat on the long balcony of the hospital.

Our service, which was all in Spanish, of course, as all our services are, began with "I know that my Redeemer Liveth," followed by prayer. Again we sang, "Jesus Paid It All." Don Abelado Diaz read Col. II., and the sexton, who is one of our most faithful church members, spoke of Jesus as being the only hope of salvation. Then a young brother read the story of the temptation of Jesus and the subject of his discourse was, that Jesus who was tempted was ever ready and willing to pardon and help those who were tempted. A couple of more hymns were sung, one of them, "Come to the Saviour, Make no Delay," and the meeting was closed with prayer.

In the evening at 7.30 we again reassembled for the preaching service. There was a good congregation with many listeners outside at the door and windows as usual. As our windows are low we often have nearly as many listeners outside as inside the church. Many of those who now are regular attendants of the church and others who are members, first listened to the Gospel in this way.

What was my joy to-night on seeing in church for the first time the mother of two of my little Sabbath school girls, whom I have been longing so much to see there.

Not long ago when I was urging her to come to church she told me that one of her little girls had said to her one day, "Mamma, we belong to the 'cultos' (Protestant church services), but you do not for you don't go." She said, "That touched my heart." She wanted to come to church but did not have the courage.

The next time I visited her she told me she had set out for church one evening accompanied by her little girls. Not having the courage to enter the church, she stopped at a window to listen, but did not feel at ease there so soon went home. I told her that she had allowed the tempter to gain the victory over her this time, but that the next time she must overcome temptation and gain the victory in the strength of the Lord.

Am very happy to know that she has really gained this victory, and trust that she as well as the little girls will now not only belong to the "cultos," but to the Lord Jesus Christ, in whom alone there is life eternal.

An organ was presented to Mrs. Troyer for the school by Mrs. P. P. Bilhorn last summer at the time of the annual meeting of the Chicago Woman's Missionary Union. Mrs. Troyer afterwards said, "I had intended to ask for an organ for the school, but forgot it; the Lord, however, did not, and I was greatly surprised and pleased when Mrs. Bilhorn came to me after the meeting and said, 'May I not give you an organ for the school?' which offer was, of course, very gratefully accepted."

A set of the "Royal Library," consisting of fifty volumes was lately presented to the school by the American Baptist Publication Society. We have also some interesting volumes in Spanish, so that we have for a beginning a very nice little library.

We are now greatly in need of some new and fresh materials for our study department. Perhaps some friend or friends may want to help us get a supply for this important branch of the school work. We ought to have some new books and maps at once. Who will help us?

Yours for service,

HATTIE A. GREENLAW.

Corresponding Secretary's Column.

ALBERT BUSHNELL HART, L. L. D., had a valuable series of articles in the Boston Transcript for February entitled, "Through the heart of the South." These articles deal with Louisiana—Upland and Lowland—the region of Bayou and Marsh—of Hills and Plains—personal experiences with the owner of a great plantation and its humble negroes.

Mississippi, the State and river—The only State where the negroes are in the majority. Mound Bayou, a wholly negro community—its history and present status.

The Arkansas cotton plantation worked by Italians. One of the most significant experiments in the South. There is one farm having one hundred and twenty-six families from Italy as tenants. One Italian amassed a fortune of \$20,000 in eleven years.

Alabama and the poor whites. In this State the negroes are found in their best condition, educationally and economically. The rude but hearty hospitality given Mr. Hart by poor whites as he penetrated into the comparatively unknown interior of Alabama—this type is slowly disappearing.

Georgia and the Pine Woods is the title of the fifth of Mr. Hart's interesting articles. The part of the State developed by Northerners; the State's richness in timber and turpentine; rural conditions differing from the other Southern States, and the exact state of peonage in Georgia.

The last article takes us into South Carolina, and speaks of the efforts of this State to bring back its anti-bellum prosperity. The large sums expended for education by the State, and the writer's visit to the Sea Islands, St. Helena, Edisto and James Island, where the famous Sea Island cotton is raised. These articles furnish a fund of information which cannot be obtained from books. Dr. Hart has given a series of lectures upon the "Problems of the South," in the Lowell Institute Course.

MR. W. M. HAZLETT, of Fort Cobb, Ok., a full-blood Wichita Indian, and a graduate of Carlisle, has presented a letter to President Roosevelt, which is heartily endorsed by Commissioner Leupp. In this letter he advocates the doing away with the reservation schools and substituting the public schools, making it compulsory for Indian parents to send their children to these schools. Both Mr. Hazlett and Mr. Leupp believe that the day schools at home are the best means that can be employed for the rudiments of an education for the Indians, instead of sending them away from home to the reservation school. It looks as if in the near future Indian schools, as such, will disappear, and side by side with white young people the Indian will gain his knowledge in the public schools.

IN "Charities and Commons" for March an article of unusual interest appears entitled, "People who Come," by Lillian Marchant Skinner. In the Atlantic Monthly for February is also a paper upon "The protection of the Immigrant Women," by Frances A. Keller.

ALTHOUGH not Home Missions, yet we hope our constituency are keeping informed of the awakening of China, and also the wonderful work going on in Korea. Twenty-five years ago there was not a Korean Christian so far as known. To-day the number has been estimated at a hundred thousand. The Korean is mighty in the Scriptures. "He feeds upon the Word, unilluminated by commentary, until it wills his whole being."

Mr. Howard Arnold Walter, in the "Record of Christian Work" for February, gives an intensely interesting article upon this people. In a personal visit to this country, he says, that the young church of Korea is giving to ancient Christendom an illustration in the twentieth century of a Spirit-filled, Apostolic Church.

Cameron Johnson and Dr. J. D. Davis, of Japan, Homer B. Hurlbut and Helen P. Curtis give valuable information concerning this wonderful work in Korea, in the "Missionary Review of the World," for March.

WE learn from recent reports of the growth of the Mormon Church. This church reports 86,742 children under eight years of age. Their banner stake, Kanab, reports 33 per cent. of the population under eight years of age. They have 119,000 between eight and twenty years. 24,600 of their young men are members of the young men's Mutual Improvement Association, and 26,000 of their young women belong to a similar organization. 48,739 of the children are being taught and trained in the primary department. They have 6,292 priests, 4,961 overseers, 18,976 deacons and 10,000 students in their church schools. Surely Mormonism is a power in Utah and adjacent States.

MINNIE J. REYNOLDS gives a thoughtful article in a recent magazine upon the topic "Is America Making Criminals?" From the facts presented, it seems that the American born sons of immigrants give us more criminals than the peasant born fathers. In other words, the first generation on these shores tends to degenerate. There can be but one deduction drawn from these statistics. There is something wrong in their surroundings or training. Miss Reynolds mentions two reasons. First, The son of foreign parents looks down upon his ignorant parent, and resists parental control; Second, The great army, who are employed as news boys, cash girls, express messengers, are upon the street late at night, with an increasing disregard for the Sabbath. Surely "The Cry of the Children" is heard in our day. Many immigrants are thrust out into the world at a tender age as wage earners, under conditions entirely different from what their peasant fathers had to endure.

HERBERT FRANCIS SHERWOOD contributes some valuable information for the Outlook for March 22, upon the immigrant question in an article entitled, "Whence come they?"

WILL the teachers and missionaries of our Society send the letter for the Annual Report for 1907-1908 to the Corresponding Secretary at once?

The Letter Box.

From Mather School

Dear Friends:—

Thinking what interests me will interest you, I will tell you first about my wood brigade, which is made up of boys in the primary grade. They come over at recess and line up from the wood pile to the wood box, never forgetting to wait for the handful of peanuts which I give them for two armfuls. The girls are not allowed to talk through dish-washing but may sing. I enjoy hearing their spirituals, some interesting, some amusing, others pathetic. These are a few:

"All my sins dun taken away, dun taken away."

"My mother she's gone, she's gone, she's gone,
To enter the pearly gates.
Don't let it be said too late, too late,
To enter the pearly gates."

"Swing low sweet chariot,
Coming to carry me home."

"Jesus told me, Jesus told me,
The blood dun signed my name,
Thank God, Jesus told me,
The blood dun signed my name."

We are often kept busy driving out our neighbors' pig, goat, dog, cat and all the feathered tribe if the gate is left open. They always see it before we do. The roads are made of oyster shells and are firm, level and white, fine for wheeling. The mocking birds are with us all winter, although more plentiful when the spring opens, as it does here in February and March. They are very tame and come close to our windows. We enjoy the many tunes and sometimes think we hear robin redbreasts' note in his roundelay. We have had some very mild weather for mid-winter, although it is quite cold now. Dec. 30 Miss Owen, three of the teachers and the girls that did not go home for the holidays went out to Old Fort Grove for a picnic. We spread blankets on the ground and ate our lunch with the water and ruined fort on one side of us, rows of magnolia trees lining an avenue that led up to a mansion that is no more, and the grand old Grove on the other, with its hundreds of mammoth trees on whose branches hung the soft gray Spanish moss waving in the breeze. It was so strange and weird, making you think of the groves that were God's first temples. When the tide is full, the water comes quite near our west door and the Great Artist paints us the most beautiful sunsets, so rich in coloring and reflected in the water just fills our hearts with praise.

As we have no preaching service here, the girls walk over town to church Sunday mornings. They make a good appearance on the street walking two by two, some forty or fifty of them. Then they have Sunday school in P. M. and Christian Endeavor in the evening. Pray for us that God may bless us and make us a blessing.

Very cordially yours,

MAY W. CURTIS.

From Hartshorn Memorial College, Richmond, Va.

ALTHOUGH we were a week late in opening, and even then could not occupy the chapel, but had to use the gymnasium as an assembly hall for several weeks, nevertheless, we have managed to exist, and to enroll one hundred and sixty pupils. Many applicants to our boarding school had to be turned away because we did not have room enough for them. Even now we are compelled to place three girls in rooms made to accommodate only two. The work of enlarging the chapel and dining hall and of erecting the new dormitory, while not complete, goes on with a degree of assurance that ere long it will be complete.

We have many things for which we are thankful this year. We are glad that the two new teachers that have come to us are consecrated women, adapted to this work, and ready to do with their might what their hands find to do.

We mention with a degree of satisfaction a number of pupils entering this year able to do college preparatory work, thus encouraging us as to the growth and development of the public schools.

Our missionary meeting was especially marked by the presence of the Holy Spirit. The president, Maria Taylor, a student of the college preparatory department, set forth in a simple yet forcible way the work of the society, whereupon almost the whole student body, that had entered as new students, became members.

The temperance meeting was a good one. Many, without persuasion, felt that they must sign the pledge, unite with the society and help to fight the battle waged against King Alcohol.

Our White Shield Society, which stands for the purity of Christian womanhood, held an interesting meeting, wherein was set forth distinctly the work of the society. An opportunity was given for prayerful consideration of the subject of membership until the next meeting.

We are very grateful for almost complete restoration of Dr. Tefft's health. He is not only able to do his regular work, but now has the general oversight of the work of erecting the new building.

A few weeks ago we sent out pamphlets to our friends. North and South, setting forth the present needs of our work. On thanksgiving day we kept "open house" from four to ten, in the evening, allowing those who were in the city to respond in person. While no large sums were realized yet there was set in motion a wave of interest among the colored people which we trust will not soon subside.

The efforts put forth by the students themselves in helping to raise the means deserve especial notice. The class that hopes to take the Normal diploma in May turned over to Dr. Tefft thirty-six dollars; several other classes gave neat sums, while not a few individuals gave a dollar apiece.

Pray for us that the Lord, who has the master key to all the vaults belonging to the rich people of this country, may unlock the doors and give Hartshorn College what is needed to properly complete the work.

DIXIE E. WILLIAMS.

Sacramento

"GOOD morning, Seenshong" (teacher) said a pleasant voice one morning as the teacher was turning from the street into an alley in which stood a row of the oldest brick buildings in the city.

"You are going to see Ning?"

"Yes. I want to know how he is this morning, and give him this picture book. I love to see the smile a few pictures, a little candy, or a few sweet crackers will bring to the face of this little suffering, hopeless cripple, made so by a cruel blow from his father one day while in one of his violent tempers.

In one of the most dingy and cheerless rooms one could imagine, he lies on a hard bed from month to month the year around. Warm bedding has been carried him, but in a short time, it was missing. Cheery pictures by the dozens have been given, bright and beautiful ones been pinned upon the black curtains that hang around his bed, but they have seemed to be an offence to the idol God, and soon are among the things missing, perishable and moveable. Articles seem to exist no longer than the presents of the Seenshong in the home. So in order to give as much diversion as possible to the little mind, she plans for long calls in this alley home. She can turn the leaves of the book, look at the pictures and make a talk about them, tell funny stories, sing, tell him Seenshong has no little boy in the Mission now that can print the Sabbath school songs on the blackboard like little Ning used to do. For, indeed, he exhibited rare talent in this direction. And no less pleased is his little sad-faced mother, who cares for this boy with all of a mother's tenderness, though she speaks very few words of English, yet the old adage, "Actions speak louder than words," is demonstrated in no unmistakable terms, whenever a kindness is done "me sick boy," as she calls him.

Adjoining this room is another one somewhat better lighted in which sits a girl of sixteen, sewing from early morning until late at night (if work is plentiful), earning twenty-five or thirty cents a day, with the sight of one eye only — the loss of the other said to be caused by a wicked blow from the father's hand, one time, because she did not obey his command as quickly as he desired. The little earned helps to keep the family in rice and a few other eatables that the Chinese are fond of, and the master of the house does not need to labor so continuously.

Some may say, why were these things allowed? Because they have all been done secretly, only when no eye saw, or ear heard but the family, and they are afraid to testify to them. Apparently everything is very pleasant and kind when Seenshong or anyone goes in. They are followed from room to room. When they sit down, the master sits down. No matter how long the visit is prolonged nothing can be said or done that he does not know of or see. Tempted we are sometimes to seek aid from the authorities and have things different, but when asked, "Can you swear to these things?"

"Have you been an eye witness?"

"No. I have to admit, things are very pleasant whenever I call."

What authority can enter a man's house and change things, when the inmates themselves say things are pleasant? For fear we might go too far and we ourselves be barred out, we have endeavored to be both careful and prayerful, remembering the words of the good book, "Wise as serpents and

harmless as doves." Little sunshine or happiness comes into this home aside from what is taken in by those who remember that it was love that caused the Master to leave his home on high to come, to seek and save, to comfort and cheer such as these.

In another home of one of our Sunday school boys, the father has been sick for a long time, has been cared for at a great expense to the family in one of our public institutions and is now beyond all hope of recovery. He had once been a Christian, but had let the deceitfulness of riches draw him away from God. Yet during the last weeks he was rational, he called for his Bible. He kept it on the table before him constantly. The last words he said to the teacher were, "Let us have a prayer meeting; bring the Mission boys over and we will all have a meeting." And the last charge to his wife was to educate Eddie (one of their sons) for the ministry. It seemed as if he began to realize his neglect of divine things, and how far he had wandered from God and was striving to find his way back. I pray that this may be so, and not only himself but his whole family may see their duty and come into a full possession of what God has in store for those who will steadfastly remain in the path of obedience.

ELIZA WILLISIE

Every day is a fresh beginning.

Every morn is a world made new.

You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,

Here is a beautiful hope for you;

A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,

The tasks are done and the tears are shed,

Yesterday's errors let yesterday carry;

Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,

Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever;

Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight,

With glad days, and sad days, and bad days which never

Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,

Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot re-live them,

Cannot undo and cannot atone;

God in his mercy receive, forgive them;

Only the new days are our own,

To-day is ours and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly,

Here is the spent earth all re-born,

Here are the tired limbs springing lightly

To face the sun and to share with the morn

In the chrim of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning;

Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,

And spite of old sorrow and older sinning,

And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,

Take heart with the day, and begin again.

—SUSAN COOLIDGE

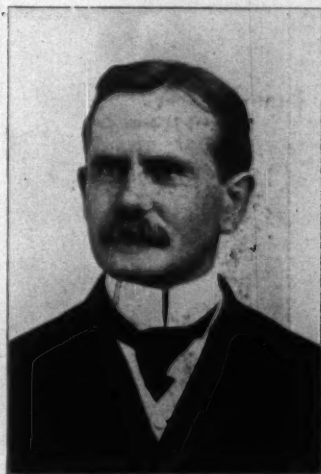
The American Baptist Home Mission Society

Editorial Notes

THE editor of this department of ECHOES is glad to present to the readers the portraits of two such good-looking men as Dr. Barnes and Dr. White who have been chosen to reinforce the Home Mission Society's working staff. They are well known in New England, and indeed throughout the country, for they have wrought a good work in the pastorate and in educational and literary lines. Dr. Barnes comes from the same noble church that gave its pastor, Jonathan Going, to be the first secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, a little more than seventy-five years ago. That missionary pastor was, with Dr. Jonathan Going, the prime mover in the founding of the Society. He belonged to the type of pastor that understood the great commission and found his interest worldwide. So, beginning at Jerusalem he worked outward, and when the call came to take up the Home Mission work he said yes, and his church gave him godspeed. Now, Dr. Barnes tells his people that he feels the call of God upon him for this new service, to succeed the lamented Dr. Chivers, and the church in the same Christian spirit bids him godspeed. There is a delightful and beautiful way to do things, and that old First Church in Worcester exemplifies the fact. The denomination at large recognizes the pre-eminent fitness of Dr. Barnes for his new field of service. He knows the West and its needs, for he has been a pastor where Home Mission work is near at hand. He has ever been a missionary pastor of the same true type as Jonathan Going. He has touched the life of the young people closely, and brings to the Home Mission Society ripe experience, wide acquaintance, sound judgment, and the rare quality of enthusiasm that burns steadily.



LEMUEL CALL BARNES, D. D.



CHARLES LINCOLN WHITE, D. D.

Dr. White has been a missionary pastor also, and as secretary of state missions in New Hampshire has had actual experience of field work. His fine service in the educational field at Colby College has been the finishing preparation for the work to which he will now give himself. He is in the prime of his power, and brings exceptional qualities to a place of influence and large usefulness. Dr. Morehouse will feel the relief, after a long period of stress and distress such as would break most men. We shall all rejoice together that his labors will be lightened, while the cause will go forward. Never was the Home Mission work so urgent as to-day. Our people are just beginning to realize how grave are the questions pressing upon us, and what a gigantic task we have before us. It will test our faith and consecration. But we believe the churches will rise to the situation, and our denomination will do its part to preserve and extend the kingdom of God on this continent. Let it not be forgotten that upon the evangelization of America depends the evangelization of the world.

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Whatever the good women of the East are going to do to help the Home Mission Society close the year without a debt that will prove crippling must be done speedily. If only a general and earnest effort were made now, at this eleventh hour, the result might go far to keep down the fateful figures. But we believe better days are ahead, not darker ones. We are assured that more churches and more members of the churches are giving systematically, and that presently we shall see the fruits of this regular giving.



THE BOYS OF THE EL CRISTO SCHOOLS IN THEIR KHAKI UNIFORM

Concerning Cuba

BY HOWARD B. GROSE, D. D.

WE sailed from New York on Friday, Jan. 24, on the *Segurana* bound for Santiago. Of the voyage suffice it to say here that we had four days of head winds and seas too boisterous for the comfort of many; followed by four days of perfect sailing weather, for from Nassau south the sea was smooth and the air balmy, so that all were in fine condition when we reached the first landing in Cuba at the United States Naval Station in Guantanamo Bay.

At sunrise on Friday morning, Jan. 31, we awoke to a scene of surpassing loveliness, the mountains forming a background for the picture, with the winding bay and the tropical foliage in the foreground. Not long after the landing the voice of Dr. Moseley was heard, and we were cordially welcomed by the superintendent of our missions in Cuba, who for nine years has been leader in the development of a great work for the highest welfare of the island. With him were Dr. Sale, educational superintendent, who had preceded us via Havana, and Rev. A. B. Howell, missionary at Guantanamo. Presently we were on board of a little launch and making way toward the port of entry, Caimanera, where through official courtesy the morning train for Guantanamo had been held an hour for our coming. Half an hour on the train brought us to Guantanamo, fifteen miles up in the foothills. The little city has about 15,000 inhabitants, and is the centre of activity in the extreme eastern end of Cuba. For missionary purposes in the district this is the strategic point, and here we have a man who has won the love of the people. He has been laboring at a disadvantage in having no suitable meeting place, the room used being part of the house rented for living purposes. There is every

reason why we should build and build well in Guantanamo and our party enjoyed inspecting various possible sites.

We had a real Cuban dinner at the Hotel Washington. The name was the only thing American about the place. It was a good dinner, however, and Dr. Moseley knew just what to order. A picnic supper at the hospitable home of the missionaries, served in the patio or inner court common to all the houses, preceded the evening service which had been arranged for us. The audience filled the room. The women and children were in the majority, with a fair number of men. All shades of color were intermingled. The interest was apparent. Dr. Sale and I spoke briefly in English, Mr. Howell interpreting, and after our greetings on behalf of the Society and its great constituency, Dr. Moseley preached a sermon that held close attention. The singing was good, and we found that we could either sing the hymn in Spanish or English, the tunes used being our familiar ones. Then we shook hands all around, many giving us a shy "Good-night" in English, while some of the party experimented with the Spanish "Buenas noches." It was all friendly and interesting.

On Saturday a charming five hours' sail brought us to Santiago harbor in the afternoon, and we enjoyed fully the mountainous coast line, the invigorating breeze, the approach to the narrow and well-concealed entrance, guarded by Morro Castle, whose guns Lieut. Hobson defied and from one of whose dungeon windows he looked out upon the blue waters. The harbor is even more beautiful than that of Guantanamo, and one does not wonder that the Spanish admiral was loth to leave it. The city stretches from the water's edge up the hill side, and gave us good ideas of the ancient and the quaint. Santiago, indeed, was the second place established on the island, dating back to Velazquez and 1514. It was a yellow fever pest hole until the Americans



MOSELEY HALL, THE GIRL'S BUILDING AT EL CRISTO.

under General Wood, cleaned it up and initiated a new order. Now it is healthful and a charming place to visit. The wealth of color at once impresses the stranger. The houses glow with it, from staring blues and greens to softest yellow and cream. The people love it, too, in their clothing, and the flowers everywhere complete the color scheme. What a delight it was to see the beaddress of the women — the soft lace mantillas in place of the gigantic and hideous American hats. If only the latter could be banished in favor of the Spanish style, the result would be as great in culture and beauty as in economy — for the money absolutely wasted in extravagant and exaggerated and execrable millinery would run all the missions and philanthropic work of the world, with a balance in treasury. There, now, ladies, it is your turn. This is an aside.

Dr. Moseley saw to it that Sunday was a busy day for us. Sunday School at 9 o'clock; Christian Endeavor service at 10:30; dinner at the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Porter, who have a private school and are among the most active supporters in our mission; a five mile drive to Boniato and return in the afternoon, with service at 3; an English service in Santiago at 4; and the evening service at 7, with brief addresses by Dr. Sale and myself, a welcome by one of the members, and a sermon by Rev. Elpidio de Mier, of Porto Rico, who had come to aid in evangelistic services. Realize that it was a warm day, like one of our August days, and the pace will seem strenuous enough. For me, as I was staying with Dr. Moseley in El Cristo, twelve miles out, it meant rising at five-thirty to catch a six-thirty train, and a pretty steady go until the superintendent's home was again reached at half-past eleven at night after a twelve miles' drive up the mountain side. The smiling superintendent said we had come to see missions, and he meant we should see all within reach.

It was a most interesting day, however. Perhaps our strongest mission is in Santiago, where Dr. Moseley preached his first sermon in Cuba nine years ago. We have a good church property, though not attractive on the exterior. It is well located, on a leading street, with good elevation, and the audience room meets present needs, while there are smaller rooms for kindergarten and primary classes, and living rooms in the rear for the assistant pastor, Rev. Mr. Pais, who is an excellent helper. The Cubans do not go to church in the morning, for reasons some of which explain the absence of people from morning service in this country. So the morning is given to Sunday School and the young people.

The school had a large attendance, with a notable number of young men, bright and eager, also of older men. The girls and boys were very like those of an American Sunday School both in appearance and behavior, and you would not easily find a more attractive group. The adult Bible class had nearly fifty in it that morning. The singing was especially good, the voices having a rich quality, and all evidently enjoying the singing. The motto on the wall, "El temor de Dios es el principio de la sabiduría," (The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom), gave me a text, but the speaking through an interpreter is not altogether satisfactory, and I resolved to prepare something in Spanish, no matter how crude it might be. The Christian Endeavor meeting was attended by a large number of the Sunday School scholars, and the participation showed that the Cubans have a liking for public speech. A number were prepared to speak on the topic, and the meeting was altogether interesting.

THE SCHOOL WORK

Wednesday brought us the chief event of the trip, in the public opening of the splendid schools which the Home Mission Society has established at El Cristo, the Woman's Society co-operating in support of part of the teaching force. Great preparations had been made for the occasion, and it was a notable one for Cuba. A train load of people came from Santiago, and the sight in the evening, when the audience of four hundred or more was seated in the open air in the space fronting the main school building, Moseley Hall, was not to be forgotten. Tall palms had been artistically arranged, and the acetylene lights gave ample illumination. The students in uniform — the boys in trim suits of khaki,



SUPERINTENDENT H. R. MOSELEY, D. D.

and the girls in blue skirts and white waists — made a fine appearance. The audience was representative. One of the addresses was made by the superintendent of public schools for the Santiago district — an eloquent speaker who gave most cordial approval to the new institution as destined to promote higher and more thorough education. It is not necessary here to go into details of the program. The fact of the schools is the great thing, and what they mean for Cuba and the future of our work. Without them we could



GROUP OF MISSIONARIES AND VISITORS IN CONFERENCE AT EL CRISTO

not accomplish our purpose. Already they have given us a new standing and a name that is becoming known through all the island. The educational facilities in Cuba are poor as yet. The public and private schools in many places are only a caricature. When it comes to the academy or high school grade there is very little worthy of the name.

The International Colleges of El Cristo—the name is not so high sounding in Spanish as would seem in English, for “college” in Spanish represents the academy with us—are admirably located, to begin with. Dr. Moseley knows the eastern end of the island thoroughly, and after long testing he fixed upon Cristo—a thousand feet above the sea level, with mountain environment, pure air, just the right distance from Santiago as a center and base of supplies—as the ideal place for the schools. The next good fortune is in the buildings, the two principal as yet being the girls’ dormitory and the boys’ building, situated on opposite sides of the main street. The architectural quality of the buildings is seen at a glance, and the interior is as attractive. The plant is of exactly the kind to impress the Cubans with the solidity and staying character of the enterprise. Parents who come to investigate are pleased and satisfied, and the trouble has been, not to get students, but to accommodate the applicants. Many have been refused of necessity, and the superintendent has had opportunity to select and take the best. The result is an exceedingly attractive and bright body of students, who enjoy to the full the school life. The boys play baseball with zest, and have a semi-military drill. The general atmosphere is one of cheeriness and content. The chapel services held during our stay were of rare interest, and the school prayer meeting, which was attended by all although not compulsory, showed a large number ready to testify of their faith. The Cristo schools would make a creditable showing anywhere, and it is no wonder the Cuban

people, who have not been accustomed to such an institution, manifest appreciation and pride. The Baptist mission work in the two provinces which we occupy has made a giant leap ahead through this medium, which appeals where at first distinctive church building would not. There is but one opinion in Cuba, that Dr. Moseley has planned and built superbly in this educational enterprise. The students all take English as one of their studies, and will become English-speaking therefore. The head of the schools, Rev. A. L. Story, formerly missionary at Bayamo, has had thorough training for this work and commands the respect and love of all. The student body was represented in the opening exercises by a young woman who gave her salutation in excellent English, and by a young man who spoke our language very eloquently. Both of these representatives are preparing for missionary service and are a promise of what we are to get from the schools.

Another evidence of the work done in the schools was given that Wednesday morning, when the student body and a score or more of visitors gathered by the side of the little river that winds its way a quarter of a mile from the buildings to witness the baptism of eleven converts, all but one of them members of the school. It was a beautiful sight as the young men and women were led down into the water by Principal Story and baptized. It reminded one of the winding Jordan and long gone days. Radiant faces were those of the baptized, and it was good to see the manner in which they were welcomed by their schoolmates. I have never witnessed baptism under more impressive conditions. The schools are Christian—there is never any doubt about that. Nor do the parents, even though they are Catholic, object to that. They wish their children to have the best advantages, and they know that the type of religion taught will never hurt their children.

Those were bright days at El Cristo, and with them this sketch must close. Not that the journey to San Luis and Camaguey and Santa Clara, and so on to Havana, was not full of incident and interest, but that space has flown. This let me say in closing, that in the missionary work represented by our Home Mission Society lies the future of Cuba. There must be a deal of uplifting, of change, of improvement. The moral standards must be raised, and new ideals must be introduced. The Cuban people have generations of bad training and no training to outgrow, new habits to form, new customs to adopt, before they can reach the condition of civilization which they ought to have. The best promise for the future is the fact that so many of them welcome the missionary efforts and comprehend at least in part what these undertakings mean. The forces of Catholicism, of indifference, of spiritism, of frivolity and vice and greed have to be overcome, transformed or exorcised. The task is not that of a day or generation, and progress must be slow. But on the other hand, a remarkable beginning has been made. The children are the field of hope and quick promise. In our missions we have touched the life of the people at many points, and introduced a new manner of life that is at work like heaven. The value of these centers of new life is inestimable. The influence of the missionary can be appreciated somewhat better when you have gone with him through a town and seen the kind of recognition he gets and the different sorts of ministry he is able to give according to the need. No people need the pure gospel more than the Cuban people. The Baptists of the North have reason to rejoice that they are doing something to supply that need. They are making no expenditure of mission funds that is going further for good.

The Woman's Society of Boston has reason also to be glad of its share in giving to Eastern Cuba such a school as ours. The teachers are plainly in love with their work, which is not perfunctory. They are doing as much through character and example as by any instruction. As we look back upon the happy faces of teachers and scholars and realize the relations of close friendliness established, these schools present a living picture of the evangelization of the Cuba that is to be.

Falsehoods are Boomerangs

A CONVERTED Italian, in telling the story of his life, shows how falsehood reacts. He says that as a boy he grew up in Italy a sincere and even bigoted Roman Catholic, serving mass every day as an altar boy, singing in the choir, reciting all the prayers he could, especially those endowed with indulgences, and keeping an account book of all the merits he earned, which amounted to many thousands of indulgence years, by which he was taught he could save his soul from the flames of purgatory, and have some merits to spare to save others. At sixteen he emigrated to America. The village priest warned him to have nothing to do with Protestants nor to go near their churches. Upon asking who the Protestants were, the priest answered that they were bad people, infidels, and that in their churches they worshipped the skeleton of a horse.

In New York City he heard again from some ignorant Italians the statement that Protestants worshipped the bones of dead horses. Seized with curiosity, he went one Sunday evening into the Italian church of the City Mission Society. He says, "I saw no skeleton there, but heard the prayers, the singing, the sermon, and was impressed with the simplicity

of the worship which was entirely new to me. At first, I imagined I had gone into the wrong place, but as I was assured by the sexton that it was the Protestant church, it dawned upon me that I had been deluded, and that the priests used such slanders to scare people away from Protestant churches. I became a regular attendant at the church and Sunday School, and when I learned that I could be saved, not by my own merits, but by the blood of Christ, and saved completely without having to burn in purgatory, I threw to the winds my self-righteousness and my merit book, and gave my heart and soul to Jesus Christ for safe-keeping. I began to work for others, and the year after when the time came for me to return to Italy to enlist in the army, I decided to enlist in the victorious army of the King of kings, where I expect to remain till He calls me home to glory."

The Judas Play in Porto Rico

GOOD Friday has passed and the church bells have been hushed since the day before. Now at nine-thirty Saturday morning, the servants call to us, "Repican la campana," as they chime the "Gloria," striking the bells rapidly, instead of pulling the cords. Instantly people rush into the street and gaze down the carretera (road). The market place is filled with people, a gay scene in spite of the general absence of women. Color is not wanting. One man wears a long red scarf around his neck, in vivid contrast to his white suit. The ever-present pink shirt and blue trousers give added brightness to the picture.

A shout is heard down a side street. Here comes the Judas, the butt of all the sport. Some poor Jibaro is feeling uneasy about getting home, for the ringleaders have stolen the horse which he rode into town this morning. On it comes, with an ungainly, straw-stuffed effigy bound upon its back. The boys lash it with whips and sticks as the bewildered beast dashes along through its crowd of tormentors, the figure lurching from side to side as it goes.

There are four of the "Judasas," they say, and we see one escape into a side yard, where the mannikin is at last taken off, and the weary animal allowed to rest. The police take charge of another, which had suffered a little more than they thought allowable, but the fun goes on for an hour or so. Everywhere people stand in the streets or the doorways, chatting and laughing at the horse play; whenever the Judas chances to be driven by. The stores are open again, but other work seems at a standstill. All the world is at play, for is not Good Friday past with its gloom and have they not "chimed the Gloria" for the risen Saviour?

SOPHIE S. LANNEAU.

LUCHOUR, CHINA.



SANTIAGO AND ITS BEAUTIFUL HARBOR.

Our Little Folks



WE are very happy to be able to show to our boys and girls this picture of Antoinette Wirak, the dear little daughter of Offdotia (Brown) Wirak, who was for so many years our faithful helper as one of the girls at the Orphanage in Alaska. It seems but a short time ago that Offdotia herself was just a little girl, and now she is the mother of a little baby girl. This little girl is a life member of the Precious Jewels, and our earnest desire for her is that she may grow to be a fine Christian woman, one of the jewels in the crown of our Lord when He shall gather them in His kingdom.

THE story is told by a missionary paper of a German girl in a large American city, who prayed for years that she might be sent to a foreign land as a missionary. One morning after her usual prayer it seemed almost as though the Lord was talking to her, as her thoughts ran something like this:

"Where were you born?"

"In Germany."

"Where are you now?"

"In America."

"Then you are in a foreign land. Who lives in the room next yours?"

"A Swede girl."

"Is she a Christian?"

"No."

"Who lives in the flat below?"

And Jesus said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

MAINE. Charleston—Eda Carlotta Bliss.
Forest City—Merrill Buchanan Thompson.
Presque Isle—Paul Wallace Gates.

VERMONT. Brattleboro—Frederick Hawley Knight.
Chester—Leah Whidden Jones.
Chester—Granville Newton Thompson.
South Newfane—Arthur Wellesley Tupper.

MASSACHUSETTS. Bridgewater—Esther Louise Gardner.
Fitchburg—Hattie Alice Perron, Donald Ferdinand Perron.
Lawrence—Dorothy Lorena Meilen.
Leominster—Gerald Eugene Rowley.
Lynn—Dorothy May Brown, Clayton Strathmore Hick, Arthur Leslie Hick.
New Bedford—Theron Bishop Copeland.
Taunton—Robert Gardner Ling, Carolyn Washburn, Eleanor Barker.
Springfield—George Austin Flagg.
Winthrop—Bordman Howes Chace, Lois Gertrude Campbell, Maud Wyman, Kenneth Forest Richardson.

RHODE ISLAND. Providence—Faith Warburton.

CONNECTICUT. Bristol—Frances Catherine Beach.
New Haven—Genevieve Frances Staley.
Noank—Robert Palmer Anderson.
Plainfield—Ruth Evelyn Hopkins.

OKLAHOMA. Watonga—Carol Joy King.

OREGON. McMinnville—Antoinette Wirak.

WISCONSIN. Madison—John Atwood Tingley.

"An Irish family."

"Christians?"

"No."

"Who lives next door?"

"Italians."

"Christians?"

"No."

"Have you ever done any missionary work in this neighborhood?"

And she was obliged to answer, with shame and humiliation, "No."

In a foreign land, in the midst of foreigners, who know nothing of God, she had not recognised her opportunity. Is she the only one of whom that could be said? How is it with you, for example?

—EXCHANGE.



ONE OF THOSE WHO HELP.

What Was Said in the Cellar

It was only the middle of the afternoon, but it was dark in the minister's cellar, and its occupants might have felt like settling down for the night had it not been for the unusual commotion above ground. All the afternoon it had been going on — children's laughter and talking and running hither and thither. Now and then there had been an interval of comparative quiet, only to be succeeded by merrier outbursts. It was very disturbing to the cellar people, and not a little annoying.

"As if," said the Celery crossly, "it were not enough to be shut up here! They might at least let us be quiet."

"Or if we only knew what it is all about," said an Onion, almost tearfully. "I think the Cat might come down and tell us."

At the mere mention of such a thing a bright-eyed Mouse in the corner retired to her hole in a panic, although she knew very well the door was shut and the cat could not possibly get in. Presently, however, the door opened, and not the cat but the minister came down the steps with a half-bushel basket of potatoes in each hand. He set them down on the floor, and some one from above handed him two more baskets, which he placed beside the others, and then hurried upstairs and shut the door.

"Well," said one of a large pile of Snowflakes, "one would have thought there were enough potatoes in this cellar already without bringing in more!"

"Oh, but we are Missionary Potatoes," said one of the newcomers, cheerfully.

"Missionary Potatoes, indeed?" said the Snowflake, scornfully. "You look uncommonly like Early Ohio, I should say! But perhaps you can tell us what all this disturbance upstairs is about."

"With all my heart," was the reply. "The minister's wife has been having a potato party, and all the children of the Mission Band are here — twenty of them, I believe they said."

"And what is a potato party?" said the Celery, crisply. "Pray explain yourself. It is extremely trying to be always kept in the dark, as no one knows better than myself."

"Well," said the Missionary Potato, rolling over a little way so as to get into a more comfortable position, "last spring the minister's wife gave each member of her band a fine, large seed potato, and set them to raising potatoes for missions. They've had great times all summer, fighting weeds and potato bugs. The minister said he would put fifty cents in the mite box of the one that raised the most potatoes, and a silver quarter in the box of the child that raised the biggest one. They had great fun this afternoon measuring and weighing us, to see who had won the prizes."

"Before that, though, they had some readings and recitations; the pieces were all about potatoes or missions, and some of them were about both. The programs were written on colored cardboard cut out in the shape of potatoes, and then they had refreshments."

Here the Potato paused, and the Mouse, who had been listening just within her hole, crept out again and said eagerly, "Oh, do tell us about them!"

"That is the saddest part of the story," said the Potato, its voice quivering, "the very saddest part of the story. The refreshments were mostly potatoes. There were thin slices of bread and butter — I heard the minister's wife say that the bread was made with potato yeast — and potato salad and Saratoga chips."

"And what is to be done next?" asked the Snowflake. "What will become of you now?"

"Oh, we are to be sold as soon as possible, and the money is to go for missions! It wasn't a very good year for potatoes, but there are two bushels of us, you see."

"Well," said the Celery, decidedly, "it seems to me that was taking lots of trouble just for two bushels of potatoes!"

"That's just what some one said to the minister's wife this afternoon," said the Missionary Potato, meekly, "but she said she hoped she was raising missionaries as well as potatoes."

"I'm sure I don't know what she meant by that," said the Celery, and so said the Onion, and so said all the Potatoes. The little Mouse said nothing, but she looked very wise, as perhaps she understood. — CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY.

Oh, I wonder if anyone knows

On a cloudy day where the sunshine goes.

I have heard that it hides in the strangest places —

The hearts of some children, and shines in their faces.

Is yours one?